trench was dug in the grounds of the Tagore Villa, about fifteen feet long by four, and this was filled with logs of wood which were left to blaze all day. In the evening the trench was filled by a thick layer of glowing coals giving *off* a tremendous heat. At 7 P.M. we repaired to the scene of action.

Our party consisted of Mrs. Besant, Countess Wachtmeister, Dr. Richardson, late Professor of Chemistry at University College, Bristol; Dr. Pascal, a French Doctor of Medicine; Mr. Bertram Keightley, Barrister-at-Law; Miss Lilian Edgar, M.A.; Colonel Olcott, and others. Chairs were arranged for us on a kind of dais formed of the earth thrown out of the trench, and about eight feet from it. This was the nearest point to the big fire at which one could bear the scorching heat. At our back, and surrounding the trench, was a dense but orderly crowd of hundreds of Hindus. All waited with eager expectation.

At last a hubbub approaching from the gates of the Villa announced the arrival of the

procession. It consisted of a chief priest who presided, carrying a sword, two others who were going to pass through the flames, and an image in a glass canopy borne along by others.

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